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ORIGINAL TALES.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.-

THE NAMELESS STORY.

(Concluded.)

At this moment the unhappy Nun appeared from the arbour, which, before had entirely concealed her from observation. Silently and slowly she walked onwards, so completely absorbed in her own thoughts, that she was quite unconscious of the presence of any one. Edward, still stood fixed to the spot; as she drew near, a breeze suddenly threw the white veil off her face, and—Caroline stood before him. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and clasped her in his arms. Why need I try to picture that which language cannot describe? Why should I endeavour to pourtray the emotions of the lovers' hearts, at the joyous and unexpected meeting? It were a vain task. Suffice it to say, that, in a week Caroline recovered from the settled and pale melancholy which had left her but the shadow of the gay girl, that, first caught Edward's fancy, and his kind attentions, contributed immeasurably, to soothe that shock, which her feelings experienced on meeting: when, with the consent and prayers of the holy Abbess, for a prosperous voyage, Edward departed with his new found love, for England.

A few days after this event, Mr. Montrose and his son were seated in a private apartment of their mansion, engaged in earnest conversation."

"Richard," said the father sternly, for such was his usual tone when addressing his son,—“when go these men to the Continent?"

"To-morrow, sir, can't please your honour, they have received instructions, backed with a weighty and glittering advocate, enough to persuade a very saint. They will soon find the fool, and promise to bring undeniable proof that he is no more. This trouble might have been saved, had I not thought the fever would have burned him up, and when he was convalescent, had not that villainous doctor dealt doubly

with me. The gold I gave was enough to bribe a minister, but the conscientious Galen sorely repents it now."

"What did ye, Richard?"

"Under this deception I could not remain unrevenged—a brother craftsman has medicined him to madness."

"He deserved it all."

"Aye, and had that all been doubly doubled, it were too poor for his dessert."

"Well—Edward I hear is roaming from country to country."

"So my letters say: he is not air, but a palpable man, and they will find him."

"Caroline still maintains an unchanged demeanour. De Edward assures me the Abbess is ignorant of all, and he has taken such steps, that, should the silly girl blab, her tale will find no credence."

"I fear not on this point, but I dread her aversion to me, how can we sway her heart?"

"Rest your mind easy there. Maiden's heart is not an impregnable citadel, nor an inaccessible mountain: time has achieved more wonders ere now, than overcoming a girl's whim—so fear nothing."

"Then sir," subjoined Richard, "her scruples of relationship."

"Scruples of bean specks! Thou hast but a poor knowledge of woman: Sir, they are all hollow hearted and capricious as the wind; and this innate virtue, modesty, and such sweet sounding words, are a mere bug-bear to frighten striplings, and please the hypocritical parsons."

At this moment a loud and joyous shout was heard in the avenue; Richard ran to the window, and saw a chariot with a lady and two gentlemen seated in it, followed by a long train of peasants, indulging in all the boisterous mirth, and antic gestures, that, happy occasions inspire in the bosoms of rude and uncultivated clowns.

"What do you see, Richard?" asked his father, impatiently.

"I know not yet I tremble, as if an earthquake shook the eternal globe. Can it be! Heavens and earth! father we are undone, totally ruined—She is found."

"Who, who! tell me Richard,—instantly," cried old Montrose in the most agitated tone.—

"Caroline!" replied Richard, "and with her, that whining lover, and his detested friend."

"By my eternal soul!" exclaimed the father, then flew to the window, and with his own eyes, saw confirmation—" 'tis too true Richard, we are indeed undone;—yet, fly to your men; these brave associates will do you service.—Let not your nerves be unstrung in this hour of need—if you lack cunning and courage now, thou art no son of mine,—Run, Richard, and ere I look upon your face again, tell me they are all in hell. Away, away."

Richard in the greatest haste took his departure, while his father stood, frothing, and cursing in such impious words and tones, that, he more resembled a demon than a man. "I shall stand the brunt;" he cried, "aye were the infernal pit to yawn before me, I would not shrink an inch, and now, shall spurn them into insignificance." In a few moments, his mind turned to the reality of his dreadful situation which passion before had veiled; he was seized with a tremor in every joint; cold drops trickled over his forehead, blood oozed from his eyes and ears, as if he had stood on the highest peak of the Andes. "Now they are on the portico!" he cried, "I am not well, my nature fails me, which heretofore has ever been my prop. I shall retire a few moments to my room; then, shall I meet them face to face, and curse them to perdition."

He had just time to make his disappearance, when the hall door opened and Caroline, Edward, and Egbert entered. Caroline never looked more lovely, tho' never less pale; the life and gaiety of her disposition was changed to a pensive and melancholy cast. Many circumstances may have occasioned this; she saw as the chariot drove rapidly to the mansion a different appearance of the pleasure ground, instead of the neat and elegant policy, which she left a few months before, she marked rank weeds spreading themselves over the beautiful beds of flowers, the box-wood untrimmed, and shrubbery in many places broken down and withered. Then again she considered that she was returning to an inhospitable abode, and knew not

what might be the issue of the hour ; and her face betrayed the marks of fearful anticipations.

"Cheer up my love," said Edward, who saw the uneasiness of her mind, "this is your rightful home ; I am beside you, and my good friend to back us withal."

"I cannot but have some feeling Edward on this occasion," she replied : then addressing a servant, asked "Where is my Uncle, Sir?"

"He has this moment retired to his room."

"And where is Richard Montrose?" enquired Edward.

"He has just left the house in such haste, that he gave no information of his course."

"He never shall step within these doors again," said Edward with some warmth. "As for the old man, he may stay in his room for this night :—to-morrow,—we shall think of him."

"My dear Edward, we must do all things gently ; conciliate rather than provoke," said Caroline.

"Your uncle, Carry, shall be left in charge of the judicial authority : but for Richard,—I shall see to him."

"I hope my friend," said Egbert, "you will do nothing rashly."

"O! persuade him from harsh measures," entreated Caroline.

"We shall require a guard here to night ; we may not be enough, Egbert, to protect this precious gem." then turning to a servant, Edward enquired "Where is Dan?"

"The instant he heard of your return, and my young lady's, God bless her, he flew to the barge house to tell Jack Marlinspike the news. Jack and he are great cronies ; and " continued the servant, on this happy occasion giving his tongue more than usual license, "I'll warrant, they are swigging the brandy, that jack got from the smugglers, like kings."

"I found this same Dan" said Egbert, "a trusty fellow, and honest. I admired his manner, Carry, the morning you disappeared."

"I always liked him," added Edward, "and therefore I purpose he shall be Captain for the night. I shall seek him myself."

"Nay, nay Edward," said Caroline in a beseeching tone, rather send for him."

"My love, fear nothing, I leave you in safe company."

"It is not for myself I fear."

"Be not uneasy then, on my account, I have a good and trusty friend in my scabard."

"No, no Edward! it is not altogether the danger of men either, but the wild elements I dread : the air is sultry, and black clouds gather thick above us : do not go, I beseech you do not go."

"Heaven will spare its wrath for the guilty wretch ; pray Carry, allow me my own way in this particular. Egbert, I leave you to entertain and protect my love, till I return," and immediately he departed.

"He is the same wayward carle, Carry," said Egbert, when Edward had gone, "that he has been all his life ; it has been his nature since his cradle-days. Let him have his own way, he will soon be with us again."

"I hope no harm will befall him," said Caroline, with some agitation.

"Tush, tush! this love is a tender thing ; a very thought sickens it, almost to dying. Come, Carry, do not be uneasy, but beguile the hour, with the history of your mysterious disappearance. I have not yet had time to question on this subject."

"It is told in a few words :—for a week preceding the day fixed for my marriage, my uncle was kind as a father, but on the nuptial eve, he was all affection and tenderness—begged me to pledge him in a glass of wine, e'er retiring for the night, in token of his love, and earnest wishes for my happiness ;—it was an unusual ceremony, but I consented, and drank. I anticipated a sleepless time, but had scarcely reached my chamber, till sleep pressed heavily on my eye-lids, and unconscious, even before I could think what might be the cause, or ring for my maid, who was not in her usual place, I sank into a profound slumber. I awakened, I know not when, by a rushing and roaring of waters around me,—a cracking of cordage, and flapping of sails above me ; then, I thought it was a dream, but soon I found myself in a narrow birth ; I felt a rocking motion, I heard the creaking of timbers, and the rude voices of boisterous men—then the dreadful reality flashed upon my mind, that it was no dream, but, that, I was on the wild ocean. Mortal tongue cannot describe the emotions of my heart in that hour! I was quite unnerved, and sank powerless on my pillow, expecting every moment that the monsters on deck, would hurl me into the roaring deep. I thought of Edward : then, my unnatural uncle and cousin, stood like savage demons before my bewildered imagination, and shrieked in unhallowed tones, 'revenge, revenge!' Oh! how my heart shuddered for the issue of my fate! When day-light appeared, I was

invited on deck ; we lay before a French port,—I know not which nor where. I was immediately landed, and received by a gentleman—no, by a ruffian looking fellow, and conducted by him, with less rudeness than I expected, to the nunnery, in which, Edward so unexpectedly found me. I need not describe my feelings, nor my treatment there, but in justice to the Abbess I must add, that I believe she was ignorant of the cause of my captivity, and my heart, even to her, could not confess its sorrow ; yet she treated me like a mother. This is the brief outline." Caroline paused, then Egbert exclaimed, "It was a mysterious affair! It is strange," continued he, "that chance will often achieve, what the strictest scrutiny cannot accomplish : but, I always thought, that Edward had a secret presentiment you were on the continent, from the circumstance that the mark of a keel was observed on the shore, and a French lugger seen in the offing."

"So he said : would that this chance were safely done."

"Fear nothing Caroline : fate's tempest is over."

"Aye, indeed! but the big waves of her fickle ocean still roll dangerously around us. All is not ended yet. Richard still lives, and no one knows what dark design now engages his attention. My uncle too, stays absent long ; what course he may pursue, I know not."

At this instant, a servant entered, and said, that Mr. Montrose, was in his chamber taken suddenly ill with a grievous sickness.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Caroline, "Mr. Aldenton he has been unkind, yet is my uncle still ; pray let us seek him, and administer our comfort."

Egbert bowed acquiescence, and immediately they left the apartment together.

Edward bent quickly on his way to the beach, when he departed from his bride and friend. The clouds which darkened the horizon, rose higher and higher, till the whole heavens were covered, dark as night ; the wind at intervals blew in unnatural gusts, which ruffled the ocean, till it looked like a huge leviathan ready to devour the earth. Now the lightning flashed, and the loud thunder roared : flash after flash, and clap after clap glared more vividly, and sounded more loudly than the preceding, still Edward undismayed, paced fleetly onward. Heavy drops of rain fell as if the herald of a torrent ; Edward wrapped his mantle closely around him, and as the

rain now poured furiously down, he covered himself so completely, that had even his Caroline met him, she could not have recognized her lover. The barge house was now in view, and as he reached the beach, he saw a figure pacing the sand with irregular step, wearing a large French cloak, so that his face could not be seen. "This may be Jack, or faithful Dan, habituated thus, by the liberality of some smuggler, to ensure his good will and silence,"—thought he: but when he saw the stranger rapidly advancing, with more majesty in his step, than is to be found in the lower grades of society, his opinion changed, yet he could not recognize the gait, but imagined it was some one caught in the storm, about to solicit shelter from its fury. They met.

"Who art thou?" said the stranger, in a coarse, yet stern voice, as if he expected an instant answer to his demand.

"One, sir, who will not be questioned thus," replied Edward firmly, for the blood rushed to his face, at the indignant tone of his interrogator.

"Ha! wouldst thou beard the untamed lion in his lair? Who, and what art thou, give me instant answer sir?"

"A man, aye sir, and one, whom, if my thoughts interpret aright, will freeze thy soul to look on."

"Wert thou the arch-fiend, with all the infernal legion at thy back, I would not budge one inch."

"I think I know thy tone, yet, if thou art not he,"—

"Whom dost thou think me?"

"A villainous villain, a blood-thirsty knave."

"I am sir," and as he spoke he threw the cloak forcibly from him;—"I am,—Richard Montrose!"

"I thank thee God, I am satisfied," and regardless of the storm, he disengaged himself from his covering.

"Edward Hardenville!" exclaimed Richard, "'Tis I should thank heaven for this meeting; thou dastard, thou interloping fool, thou hast done more to cross me in my projects than ever mortal dared; but stand a moment till I tell thee what I am."

"Villain, I shall hear no more, innocence cries out for justice, and heaven bids me be her champion." Edward drew his sword and advanced.

"Step not into Ætna's crater" cried Richard, in a tone that spoke not only defiance, but confidence of his own power.

"Monster! I would brave the eternal fire, in such a cause as this. The ele-

ments are warring loud, but I pray that great Jove will spare his thunderbolt, nor take vengeance into his own hands. My nature has o'erstepped itself, to such achievements as shall make thee, guilty wretch, crouch beneath my gaze. Thou, Richard Montrose, thou art my victim, by my hand alone, must thou fall, to give me peace."

"Vain braggart knave; think'st thou the threats of a tiny thing like thee, can scare the hero of my daring deeds;—with sword, with pistol, aye, with any thing, I am a match for twenty such."

"Words are stingless weapons, I shall bear no more: advance, on, hell—bird,—on!"

"Thou shalt hear; cotqueen, I shall tell thee to thy teeth, before I am avenged, thou coward slave, thou mean intruder, that, thou hast stepped between me, and the jewel of my hopes."

"Peace, sir, and let our swords speak for us."

"Stand back, I am not done: Slave, thou hast crossed my path, marred my dearest prospects, and blighted my aspiring schemes; whoever did this before has never lived, and thou, dastard, shalt not exist to boast. Look on the forming ocean, lashed to wild rage, but unequal to that within my breast; villain, if these waves had tongues, they could tell such tales of my prowess and revenge, as would shrink thee into insignificance, yea, would strike the thunder-bearer dumb."

"Thou impious fiend, thou bird of hell, draw, draw, draw!"

"My tongue has told enough, thou dost accelerate thy doom. On, coward!"—

Richard now drew his sword, and advanced one step, at that instant, Edward, fell powerless on the earth. In a few moments however he recovered. "What is this?" he cried, then starting on his feet, "Ha! Richard! where art thou fiend?" then casting his eyes about, he saw his foe, prostrate on the ground: the sword melted in his hand—his head singed to baldness, and he lay motionless, as in sleep, save for one black streak, that, marked his face, and an unearthly expression painted in each feature. "Dead!" exclaimed Edward, "then heaven's own lightning has avenged my cause, and my soul is bloodless. Thou guilty fallen wretch," he said, bending o'er the body, now, more in sorrow than in anger, "to die as thou hast died, with such imprecation on thy tongue, and hell-died guilt upon thy soul, what must be thy doom!" A few moments he stood gazing

on the lifeless corpse; then, raising his hands and eyes upwards, sighed, "'tis done and injured innocence is satisfied!" Now starting from his reverie, "What!" he exclaimed "heaven also is revenged!"—for now he saw the glorious sun, bursting through the eternity of clouds, dispelling the gloom, and having silenced the thunder. In a moment, the sky showed not a stain upon its azure concave, and the earth looked as before the storm, save for the drenched ground and dripping trees.

Edward now looked around, and saw two men running rapidly towards him; he immediately discovered they were trust-worthy Dan, and Jack Marlinspike—"Master, Master, what is this!" exclaimed Dan, as he reached Edward. "Say, not one word my trusty fellow, I am not in the humour to be questioned."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jack, "my young squire dead!"

"Aye, sir," said Edward, "Heaven has annihilated the guilty wretch. Dan, make all dispatch to the house, and bring assistance to convey his blasted carcass thither; I shall follow immediately."

Dan did not wait for a repetition of the order, but hurried off, his heart on his very lips, so eager was he, to be the first to give information of the catastrophe.

When he had gone, "Jack," said Edward, "remain you with the body, till help arrives."

We left Caroline and Egbert, at the moment they departed from the parlour to seek old Montrose.

When they entered his chamber, he lay upon his bed, writhing in the greatest agony, and groaning bitterly. Caroline approached him ere he was conscious of her presence.

"How art thou, uncle?" She enquired in a tender tone. The hoary headed wretch turned his eyes upon her with a most horrific glare, and gazed a moment, as if he would have blasted her; she shrunk back in terror at the sight: then wildly he cried "avaunt! hence, thou witch! else will I tear thee to ten thousand atoms. And thou, intermeddling fool," now observing Egbert, "away, away! ere my curses fall like blights upon thee."

"Sir, we come as friends," said Egbert, "to offer our comfort and assistance in thy tribulation."

"Thou canting milk-sop, thou officious knave, begone! I shall fire the house, nay, blast the universe, that I may be thy death of thee; but thou Carry, thou she-devil, thou infernal sprite, I will not mur-

der thee, death were too poor a reward for all thy disobedience."

"Oh! uncle, uncle!" cried Caroline, in the greatest distress, "speak not thus I pray, else you will kill me."

"No! I will not be so *kind*—but I shall pray to God, or sell my soul to hell, that I may torture thee—I will create vipers, with stings, innumerable, more agonizing than the pangs of death, to prey upon thy vitals, and be a million years devouring thee."

Caroline shuddered at his impious words, and sank down upon a chair, overcome with the dreadful threats. "Cheer up, Carry," said Egbert, "be not unnerved at this crisis, your uncle is frantic, he would not speak thus else."

"Aye, sir," exclaimed Montrose, "I am roused to fury, and were I not tied to this burning bed by some unnatural spell, oh! I would do—I would do! where is Edward, where is the dastard?"

"He has gone to the beach, sir," replied Egbert, "Then, oh! then," he cried, grinning with a diabolical smile, "may Richard, my glorious son, but meet him, or if he do not, should heaven war thus with such unnatural wrath, and spare his pigmy head, I shall curse the Everlasting."

As her uncle, more like a demon than a man, spoke this, Caroline trembled like the aspen, fears for her lover's safety now flashed upon her as realities, and all the soothing arts that Egbert used, were unable to restore her to composure.

"Aye, daughter of Lucifer, tremble beneath my frown—the heavens are cloudless now, and were it to be done,—'tis done! But hadst thou, blister! capped my dearest hopes, and wed my son, thou wouldst have been dearer to my heart than revenge is now; but 'tis past, 'tis past, and thou art eternally curst."

A voice was heard without at this instant, crying, "where is my master, where is master?" "'Tis Dan, 'tis Dan!" exclaimed Montrose, "conscientious as he is, he brings me joyous news—Oh! those pangs—Heaven or hell, spare me till I hear them, be they as I hope, be I revenged, I will jump into eternity."

"Be not alarmed Miss Caroline," said Egbert, "'tis faithful Dan, such a man surely is the herald of happy news to innocence."

Dan now rushed into the room, pale, and breathless. "Is he dead?" demanded Montrose eagerly—

"O yes Master! he is stone dead."

"Thank God!" cried Montrose in ec-

stasy, "Then I defy heaven, or the eternity of worlds to mar my peace; sickness and pain may waste my frame, but my soul shall triumph still."

"Who is dead?" said Egbert, himself now in the utmost agitation.

"Oh! my young master!"

"Who, Dan, who? give me the name" continued Egbert, nothing pacified at his answer.

"My young master Richard."

"Thank heavens!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Death and destruction!" vociferated Montrose starting up "thou lying varlet—air—O! if thou hast trifled with me, thou hadst better have lost thine eternal soul—air, air, more air—Carry, curse on thee. If thou dost wed be thy bed fruitless—While thou dost hang upon thy husband's lip—air, air,—unroof the house, air—may blights wither thee: may thy veins be bloodless, thy bones marrowless—May—O may'st wish to die—air—yet never die, air,—I say more air—May'st thou be—air, uncanopy the heavens—air—Curse aye curse, curse"—now choked with passion, the guilty wretch sank down exhausted. At this moment Edward entered the apartment; Caroline rushed to him, that, by her own embrace she might be convinced of his safety. "Peace my fair love," said he, "all is well. Egbert, my friend thy hand. Dan, do thou thy message on the instant."

"We have had a dreadful scene," said Egbert.

"Oh! what a time!" sighed Caroline, "I shudder at the very thought; but hush! he is still now."

"Nature cannot withstand such a tempest," added Egbert.

Edward advanced to the bed, and gazed on Mr. Montrose. He lay, as in sleep, but without its peace. Now his whole frame was convulsed, and he writhed in the deepest agony, his clenched hand, and gnashing teeth, the flush, and then the deathly paleness of his face, and the cold drops on his forehead, seemed to speak the dreadful struggle of the guilty soul to maintain its mortal habitation—fearful to appear before the dread tribunal.

"Alas! alas! is this the end of wickedness? who could look on such a sight and ever forsake fair virtue's ways?" As Edward spoke, the unhappy man opened his eyes, but no sense seemed in them.

"Who calls?" he cried wildly, "I will not come: away, drive these fiends away! they gnash their teeth at me, mock me with infernal tricks, and beckon me to

them—away! I will not with thee—air. Oh the world for a breath of air—they tear me—away with them—is there no power on earth to save me from these fiends?" then turning his eyes on Edward now almost bursting from their sockets, "Who art thou? air—I say, more air. Edward! curse on thy milk-white soul—Carry, wed him, aye wed, wed, wed, and live in everlasting torments—away with the mocking devils, away! air—still more air. If I should die, my ghost shall haunt thee till doomsday, and hold a poisoned chalice to thy lips, whose very sight shall be agony, whose taste shall be worse than ten thousand deaths—curse. Oh! death!—I'll be immortal, that I may curse creation—the furies tear me—away, fiends avaunt! I'll drive ye to—" then with one wild convulsive effort, as if he would have crushed a giant, he bounded from the bed, and fell upon the floor a lifeless corpse.

Richard, with his father, twins in crime, were buried privately, in one grave. In a few weeks all was peace and quietness in Montrose house, and saw Caroline, now Mrs. Hardenville, with her husband the happy owners of the estate. Egbert, who had been long engaged to a lovely girl, but whose sympathy for his friends, delayed the nuptials beyond the appointed time, was married at the same hour, and the bonds of friendship firmly entwined in the hour of affliction, grew stronger and stronger each succeeding year, and at this day, there are not two more loving couples, or warmer friends in all Kentshire.

X.

LITERARY.

BANKRUPTCY.

I never if the costly machinery of civilized life is subject to a more dreadful derangement than a bankruptcy. Had Rousseau ever witnessed one, especially in the higher circles of commerce, he might have turned it into a most elegant argument in proof of the blessedness of a savage state. It is impossible indeed to calculate the amount of mental suffering produced in a commercial country (and when more than at the present moment?) by these reverses of fortune: 'To imagine the fair hopes of families and individuals thus in an instant blighted; and the accumulated wealth of a life-time, with that perhaps of parents and ancestors, scattered by one of these overwhelming storms—what can be more afflicting?

It is common to be niggards of our sym-

pathy to such cases of disaster, from an idea that so many of them are produced by imprudence and presumption. But there is a large proportion with respect to which this is not true; as I have known many instances; and my friend R— was one. He had inherited a fortune which might also have been called splendid, and was certainly a cautious rather than a daring trader. But contingencies arose which he could not foresee. A sudden turn which was taken by continental politics, led to the failure of a large foreign house with which he had extensive transactions, and he was involved in its ruin almost before he had suspected any insecurity.

He could have borne the blow by himself: but its most painful part was that an amiable family shared the misfortune with him, the elder of whom were three accomplished daughters, who had been brought up in all the elegancies and refinements of wealth, and were just arrived at an age when they had become most sensible to their value. From a dread of the effect, he endeavoured for some time to conceal the event from them, and struggled on in solitary bitterness. But his altered manner of which they soon became sensible, gave rise to uneasiness and alarm; and at length the disclosure was made. There was some difficulty at first in making the poor girls understand the nature of the disaster. In their ignorance of the world, they seemed scarcely to have been aware that such an event was even possible.— But after a momentary surprise, they evinced a degree of resignation, which could not have been anticipated, considering how unschooled they had been in adversity.— They were sorry their father had not told them of the event before, for perhaps he had felt it more deeply from imagining that such a change in their circumstances would hurt their pride. But they were confident they could descend to a humbler style of life without even a sigh. They hoped, if it were necessary, that he would immediately quit the elegant mansion in which they had hitherto lived; indeed they should be quite as happy in a smaller house. The carriage and the riding horses were also to be laid down; they could do so well without them. As the latter item was mentioned a sudden tear gathered in the eyes of Isabella, the younger of the three, at the idea of parting with a favourite horse. But it was dashed away in an instant; and the intimation was resolutely made that 'Prim' was to be sold too. I never witnessed a

more beautiful triumph of the heart. They seemed on a sudden to have entirely forgotten the value which they had formerly attached to these elegancies; and now only to regard them as means of showing their readiness to conform to their altered prospects.

Their father came home in the evening. He had trembled for the approaching interview; and nerved himself to bear a scene of anguish and despondence. But there was nothing like it. In their happiest days and when their feelings had been excited by some recent kindness or indulgence he had never been so received. It seemed as if the whole treasure of their affection and gratitude had been reserved for a moment when through his means (and as he thought by his fault) they found all their fine prospects suddenly blighted, and nothing apparently before them in life but humble and perhaps dependant stations. They attempted indeed to disguise their feelings out of delicacy, and from their respect to parental pride, but there was still an irrepressible earnestness in their little attentions to him, quite unlike the easy gaiety of prosperous days. They could not, for example, help him to a dish at table without a something in it, that made it plain it had now become a privilege. They would pick out for him with great zeal his favourite sorts of fruit after dinner, and offer them with such bright looks as prevented the possibility of a refusal. If he wrote a letter they would softly bring him one of their writing desks, and be unhappy if he declined to use it, though formerly the danger incurred to their velvet linings had always been a subject of alarm. And nothing could exceed the sweet triumph that brightened on their fine countenances, if they beguiled him for awhile into cheerfulness, and dispelled the painful recollections of calamity. At the same time the delicate manner in which their affections were expressed, would almost have prevented him, under any other circumstances, from detecting their altered feelings. Yet he could not be quite insensible that a certain soft pressure which came on his cheek as they wished him good night, had become of late a little more forcible.

These were beautiful scenes; and I often asked myself in surprise if this could be adversity. But there remained some rougher passages. His spirits had for some time been improving from the influence of their filial and affectionate conduct; and in their disposition to see every thing in the

most favourable light, they had begun to hope that his affairs were becoming more encouraging. But one evening he did not return at the appointed hour, and they grew uneasy. They stood listening anxiously under the window curtains all the evening to every carriage that approached up the road; but they all passed by. It became late, and they grew seriously frightened. At length a messenger arrived from town with a note from him hastily written in pencil; he had that afternoon been arrested; and as he was taken by surprise at a late hour could not procure bail. The occurrence was to have been strictly concealed; but the servants were unfortunately heard talking of it, and the truth was obliged to be told. At first the poor children stared at each other in speechless terror. It was a catastrophe that appeared to them so dreadful, that it had not entered their imaginations even amid their worst forebodings. They had associated imprisonment with the idea of crime; and had never suspected that their father could incur its liability purely from his misfortunes. Their distress indeed was unutterable.— There was only one source from which their feelings were susceptible of any alleviation, which was in their indignation. The author of the outrage, as is not unusual in such cases, was a man from whom it might least have been expected. He was under the deepest obligations to their father. He had been assisted by him in seasons of difficulty, and recommended to lucrative connexions to whom he owed all his advancement in the world. And this was the return. "Can we not hang him," one of the poor heart-broken girls exclaimed in a burst of anguish, and they seemed really astonished to learn that human laws had no punishment for the offence.

After this unhappy occurrence the law quickly took its course. Officers were soon placed on the premises. A distressing little incident occurred on the evening of the day they took possession. One of the servants had been out all day on business with Isabella's favourite horse. It was very much against her inclination, but circumstances made it unavoidable. When he returned, hungry and jaded, in the evening, she was all anxiety that he should be well fed. But one of the officers, who had left for the night, had carried away the stable keys, and they could get no corn or hay for him. On hearing the circumstance, she gave orders that the locks should immediately be broken; and no higher au-

thority would once have been required.— But now a man in a shabby snuff-coloured coat, knit pantaloons, and a coloured handkerchief, who sat leaning on his stick by the kitchen fire, had power to prohibit it. She was astonished at the weight that was attached to his interference, and ran with the case to her father. He was sadly hurt by the appeal. "My dear child," he said shading his eyes to conceal his feelings, "I thought you had known that nothing here was now mine." This was too much; she left the room abruptly to vent her tears in the hall, exclaiming with a childish fondness for the horse, that he would certainly die with hunger. Prim's situation indeed was far from enviable; but his kind mistress's tears pleaded for him so eloquently that the coachman resolutely drew on his boots, and in spite of a pouring rain, walked down to C—to borrow a feed.

For some time before the arrival of this crisis we had endeavoured to prevail on the poor children to quit the establishment; but their father could not with propriety have gone with them, and I believe they would have endured martyrdom sooner than have left him behind. It was impossible not to regret their resolution, from the effect which the scene had upon their minds. They were fully resigned indeed to their fate, and were ready to have relinquished every thing at a moment's notice. But there was a shock in the appearance of being forcibly dispossessed that they were not prepared for. They conceived a morbid dread of the officers, for in spite of our precautions they would sometimes see them about the premises. The harsh errand of the men made so deep an impression on their imagination, that they started back with a shudder whenever they caught a glimpse of them. They had a thousand other caprices, many of them still more accountable. In fact, it was evident that their gentle and sensible minds were becoming diseased from distress. They thought the garden had suddenly grown larger than it used to be, and that its wall was more stained by the weather.— The trees were certainly taller, and there was now a strange and frightful noise made by the wind in their leaves. They terrified themselves by the odd notion that the premises were haunted by a day-ghost, whom they were in constant fear of meeting whenever they stirred out. In the dusk of the evening they would fancy that they saw strange faces in the rooms; and were uneasy, even in broad daylight, in the lar-

ger apartments, from an inexplicable aversion to the sense of unoccupied space. In short, to such a degree did these singular prejudices prevail, that they generally shut themselves up all day in a small breakfast parlour, and kept the blinds down to avoid seeing any thing abroad.

At last they quitted this unhappy scene. Their fortune, however, had first to undergo one or two trials; and one of the severest was giving up their jewels. The officer came to receive them on the morning that they left, and when they were already dressed for their journey. Many of their little trinkets had been given them by friends—some of them dead, others in distant countries; and they thought it peculiarly hard that they should all be claimed. They had no idea they would ever be returned, and it was so unexpected a blow, that at first they made a slight stand, unwilling to part with them, and thinking that the officer must be exceeding his instructions. But their scruples were quickly overruled, and they turned hastily aside to conceal their tears. The officer carelessly opened one or two of the cases to see their contents, and observed that his was an unpleasant duty, but he supposed they had watches. "Oh yes, we had forgotten them," a soft half-stifled voice replied. And they sat down to unfasten them from under their pelisses; but they could scarcely succeed from their agitated state, and were obliged to assist one another.

As the carriage drew up to the door they summoned fortitude to look once more into one or two of the rooms, aware that they could never hope to see them any more.— The drawing-room particularly affected them. It had not been used since their misfortunes, and forcibly reminded them of the past, which now seemed like a happy dream. Almost every article in it suggested some recollection of their former feelings and prospects, and of the revolution which had so suddenly taken place in them. Their music books were still lying under the piano just as they had left them a few weeks before, and when they could scarcely be said to have known what sorrow was. There was also a foreign road book with a pencil in it, on one of the card tables. One of them had been studying it the last evening they had used the apartment, in the expectation that the following autumn they were to have visited Italy.— The recollection of the project produced a slight sigh, but the disappointment was now nothing to them—they had learned

to bear heavier griefs. The servants had respectfully assembled in the hall to take leave of them on their departure. As they passed through it, they thanked them all in broken accents for their kindness and attention; and affectionately shook hands with the elder ones, who had watched their progress from infancy, and, with a natural partiality, had destined them to the proudest stations in life. As the last act of their service they attended them to the carriage. As it began to move off, they looked up eagerly for a moment at the house which had been the beloved home of all their happy years, and then convulsively pressed their hands over their eyes, and left it to strangers and the law.

I had protracted my stay to this period, for they had expressed themselves consoled by my presence. But they were now going to share the hospitality of friends who would perform my office more effectually, and here we therefore parted. Circumstances carried me for a time to a distance, and on returning I found their unhappy affairs drawing to a settlement. I was sitting with them one evening when R— came in in better spirits than I had lately seen him; he had that day obtained his certificate. The candles had burnt long as we had been talking, and as he cheerfully snuffed them, he told me "he was beginning life again."

IF AND BUT: A PARALLEL.

It is common with the disciples of Mr. Lindley Murray, to regard *If* and *But* as a couple of modest, peaceable conjunctions. In reality, however, they are two of the most restless, meddling characters now existing on earth. Undoubtedly, we have to thank them both for "many favours conferred;" But, *en revanche*, they have advocated such a multitude of absurd and mischievous errors, that it is difficult to say, which way the account would balance. The principal cause of this, is their continual disagreement. They are so indefatigable indeed, in annoying, mortifying, and thwarting one another in every possible way, that some persons who have deeply considered the subject, have supposed they must be near relatives. Whatever may be the occasion, they are sure to be at issue upon it. It naturally follows, that when one is right, the other is invariably wrong; and the latter being mostly inspired by a degree of zeal in proportion to the badness of his cause, generally carries his point.

The fact is, their natural disposition is altogether irreconcilable. *But* is constitutionally of a timid and cautious turn; is in the habit of looking thoroughly before he leaps; and would be very well satisfied to sit for ever at home enjoying "things as they are." *If* (on the other hand) is proportionally bold, sanguine, and adventurous; a vast lover of experiments; a vast traveller; in short, a being whose head is half turned with all kinds of speculation and romance. This chivalrous disposition naturally brings him into great repute; at which *But* is excessively gruelled. He declares him to be little better than a lunatic; is out of all patience with his eternal restlessness; and leaves no stone unturned on all occasions, to prevent his success. Sometimes he endeavours to dissuade him from his projects with an air of friendly assiduity; enumerates to him an appalling list of lions in the way; and seizing him by the skirts of his coat would fain make him hear reason. At other times, he acts with greater insidiousness. He says nothing, and affects to be fast asleep; but when *If* is far gone in an adventure, and seems sure of success, he then suddenly starts up, and repels him with the utmost vehemence. By this unwearied hostility, he excessively annoys *If*, and robs him of his laurels by wholesale. However, it is all in vain. He is no sooner thrown from one scheme, than he devises a new one immediately; and were not *But* perpetually on the alert, his rival's fame would not be confined within even endurable bounds.

All metaphysicians and philosophical system-builders are generally friends of *If*. He is an important personage in nearly all their theories; either openly upholding them, or like another "Jack in the Green," supporting them, concealed within. The philosophers of the ancient world were more especially indebted to him. Whenever they advanced any thing decisively, (or, what was equally rare, any thing intelligibly,) you might regard it for certain, he was secretly implicated. He was the presiding genius of all their schools. He was the sole inhabitant of Plato's republic; and formed the general referee for all persons who might doubt their various systems of the universe. Nor was *But* without his partizans; though, in those days, the two rivals rarely came to practical hostilities. There was often a mighty beating of the air; a prodigious dust, clamour, and noise raised, which all, however, ended in nothing. Nei-

ther of them was in the least anxious to descend and fight on solid ground.

A few centuries ago, however, *If* inspired his party with greater boldness. He proclaimed all over Europe, the possibility of discovering the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir, and a variety of similar wonders, that would have turned the world out at the very windows. The fame which these flattering illusions brought him, made *But* half mad with rage; and being naturally a plodding, terrestrial sprite, he invented a thousand little modes of annoyance, which *If* had never dreamt of. Sometimes he would steal into an alembic, and at the very moment of projection, toss off its head with a tremendous bounce. Sometimes he would put out the fire, even in the seventh year, by stealing the coals; and sometimes maliciously waft a wreath of poisonous smoke into the operator's throat, and stop his discoveries in that way. Still *If* remained, so very positive, that it cost *But* several generations to make his victory complete.

Since then *If* has abandoned the pursuit of these incredible achievements; but he still retains his old adventurous propensity, and *But* his determined hostility. *If* has now grown a very considerable personage in the mercantile world. He often, at a bold venture, ships off a large cargo to a new republic. The vessel however has perhaps scarcely cleared the river, when *But* ports after it in a gale of wind, puffing and blowing with incredible fury, to lodge it safely at the bottom. Or should he leave it in quiet, he is certainly gone before to depress the market, against it arrives, or to raise an insurrection in the country. Not very long ago *If* had confidently charged himself with a large stock of Spanish securities, which he was selling on "Change at a premium, when *But* suddenly depressed them to a third of their value, by raising a French army and marching quietly across Spain.

With all poets, lovers, and reformers *If* is a personage in high favour; and *But* has therefore a particular spite against these classes. The disguises which he assumes to thwart and perplex them are almost innumerable. The sanguine lover meets him in the form of a hostile parent, a watchful duenna, or a high garden wall; the young poet, dreaming of immortality, stumbles on him in an article in the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review; and the sanguine financier encounters him in the curse of an abundant harvest. Almost every age contains

some superior geniuses who seek to enlighten their cotemporaries on some important point of morals or politics. *But* is a mortal enemy to all their systems. His hostility may sometimes be detected in an unaccountable inability of the public to appreciate their merit; sometimes in an obstinacy that will not be set right; and sometimes in the opposition of a few individuals who find their private advantage in an error. Nor have the governments of various countries always been quiet spectators, but have supported and encouraged *But* by a variety of means, regarding him as a person well affected to church and state, engaged in a contest with a most restless and meddling character. *If* has many a day rued this alliance. He has not only been violently driven from his designs, but the ears, hands, and even noses, of some of his best friends have been declared to be forfeited. This is now, indeed, an obsolete barbarity. It is found that the air of Cold Bath Fields, Newgate, and other spots, possesses a quality quite as disagreeable to him, and as injurious to his constitution. Of late years, however, he has seldom been compelled to breathe it; for either from the activity of his old rival *But*, or some well-timed attacks from the quarter alluded to, he has retired from the moral and political arena considerably discouraged.

In short, to give a summary of their respective votaries, *If* may be said to be usually in favour with the young, and *But* commonly with the old. The sway of *If* is undisputed during courtship; after the honeymoon, *But* is currently whispered often to obtain predominance. On "Change the bulls range themselves under the banners of *If*; the bears under those of *But*. *If* is for the most part the genius of the opposition; *But*, except in times of war, the favourite of the ministry. Even the sciences are not free from these party influences. *If* makes a prominent figure in phrenology, nosology, and political economy; *But* is almost absolute in criticism and law. His head quarters in the latter science are undoubtedly in the Chancery Courts, where *If* never enters, except indeed it be to retard an approaching decision.

Some bilious philosophers entertain a very mean opinion of *If*. They look upon him as nothing better than a wild thriftless adventurer, who goes about the world preaching sedition and discontent. He pretends to be a guide to others, whereas he does not know a step of the way himself. In short, he is altogether an empty-headed

fellow, the very counterpart and first cousin to Will o' the Whisp; who, as every one knows, holds out a light at a distance, but leads all his friends into sloughs and quagmires. The sound old maxims, that "it is best to let *well* alone;" that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and various others, are often heard in the mouths of these impugners. Besides which they have a tremendous idea on all occasions of the power and almost omnipotence of *But*, so that however well disposed, they regard it as hopeless to oppose him.

On the other hand there is another set of persons who regard *If* just as favourably. They appeal very boldly to the history of the world and of mankind; and challenge to his account every discovery in science and almost every step in civilization. So fierce are they in his cause, that they can keep no bounds in their bitterness against *But*. They represent him as an obstinate, sluggish, envious person, of extremely weak nerves, who has done nothing but stand in the way of plans that were above his comprehension, auguring their failure beforehand, and then exhorting himself with might and main to thwart them, that he might appear to have prophesied truly. In short, they assure us that the world is at this moment several centuries behind its proper station, all owing to his absurd interference. It is needless to remark that between these two conflicting opinions, there are a large class of middle men, who after mature thought and deep deliberation on the subject, have come to the conclusion that "much is to be said on both sides."

It might not have been expected from a person so romantic and chivalrous as *If*, that he would be a great peace maker.—Yet he undoubtedly is so. Shakespeare's Touchstone (and more respectable authority cannot be quoted) had known a quarrel which his interposition had instantly pacified, after seven justices had failed in arranging it. He is a preventer of duels, beyond all the police establishments of the kingdom. Whenever he appears between the combatants there is sure to be a saving of powder and shot. Indeed many great poltroons, by his assistance, are enabled to assume a bold swishing air, which they would be the first to lay aside if he were only to withdraw. On this account some very pugnacious persons, members of the United Club House, and others, speak of him with great contempt, and would undoubtedly kick him, if they could meet

with him bodily. Yet he continues to show his face unabashed in the best society like some other culprits. The fact is, that he, as well as his rival *But*, have the art of making themselves very useful in little things by which means they obtain the countenance of many respectable persons, who do not consider themselves at all answerable for any of their follies or extravagancies.

BRIEF SKETCHES

Of several of the American and British Officers engaged in our Revolutionary War

WASHINGTON has been described so often, that his whole appearance must be familiar from our infancy. I cannot, however, pass over so imposing a figure entirely unnoticed. With a person six feet two inches in stature, expanded, muscular, of elegant proportions, and unusually graceful in all his movements—his head moulded somewhat on the model of the Grecian antique; features sufficiently prominent for strength or comeliness—a Roman nose and large blue eyes; deeply thoughtful, rather than lively. With these attributes, the appearance of Washington was striking and august. A fine complexion being superadded, he was accounted, when young, one of the handsomest of men. But his majesty consisted in the expression of his countenance, much more than in his comely features, his lofty person, or his dignified deportment. It was the emanation of his great spirit through the tenement it occupied.

MAJ. GEN. GREEN, in person, was rather corpulent and above the common size; his complexion was fair and florid; his countenance serene and mild, indicating a goodness which seemed to shade and soften the fire and greatness of its expression. His health was delicate, but preserved by temperance and regularity.

GEN. LAFAYETTE was one of the finest looking men in the army, notwithstanding his deep red hair, which then as now, was rather in disrepute. His forehead was fine, though receding; his eyes clear and hazel; his mouth and chin delicately formed and exhibiting beauty rather than strength. The expression of his countenance was strongly indicative of the generous and gallant spirit which animated him, mingling with something of the pride of conscious manliness. His mien was noble, his manners frank and amiable, and his movements light and graceful. He wore his hair plain, and never complied so far with the fashion of the time as to powder.

GEN. WAYNE, was about the middle size, with a fine ruddy countenance, commanding port, with an eagle eye. His looks corresponding well with his character—indicating a soul noble, ardent and daring. At this time he was about 32 years of age; a period of life which, perhaps as much as any other, blends the graces of youth with the majesty of manhood. In intercourse with his officers and men, he was affable and agreeable, and had the art of communicating to their bosoms the gallant and chivalrous spirit which glowed in his own.

GEN. SULLIVAN was a man of short stature, well formed and active; his complexion dark—his nose prominent—his eye black and piercing, and his face altogether agreeable and well formed.

LORD STERLING was short and thick set—somewhat puffy and corpulent. His face was red, and looked as though coloured by brandy, rather than sun burnt, and his appearance in no manner either military or commanding.

COL. MORGAN was stout and active, six feet in height; not too much incumbered with flesh, and exactly fitted for the toils and pomp of war. The features of his face were strong and manly, and his brow thoughtful. His manners plain and decorous, neither insinuating nor repulsive; his conversation grave, sententious, and considerate, unadorned and uncaptivating.

COL. HAMILTON is thus described by Mr. Delaplaine: "Although in person below the middle stature, and somewhat deficient in elegance of figure, Hamilton possessed a very striking and manly appearance. By the most superficial observers he could never be regarded as a common individual. His head was large, formed on the finest model, resembling somewhat the Grecian antique. His forehead was spacious and elevated; his nose projecting, but inclined to the aquiline—his eyes grey, keen at all times, and when animated by debate intolerably piercing, and his mouth and chin well proportioned and handsome. These two latter, altho' his strongest, were his most pleasing features; yet the form of his mouth was expressive of eloquence, more especially of persuasion. He was remarkable for a deep depression between his nose and forehead and a contraction of his brows, which gave to the upper part of his countenance an air of sternness. The lower part was an emblem of mildness and ingenuity."

MAJOR LEE, one of the most vigilant and active partizan officers in the American army, was short in stature and of slight make, but agile and active. His face was

small and freckled; his looks eager and sprightly. He was then quite young, and his appearance was even more youthful than his years.

I have thus furnished you with a short sketch of the principal characters of the American army. The most distinguished of the British officers engaged in our country should also have been noticed at the same time, and in a similar manner, had I possessed the requisite information. This I have since received, and shall communicate accordingly.

SIR WM. HOWE was a fine figure, full 6 feet high, and admirably well proportioned. In person, he a good deal resembled Washington, and at a little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General; but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benignant. His manners polished, graceful and dignified.

SIR HENRY CLINTON was short and fat, with a full face, prominent nose, and animated intelligent countenance. In his manners he was polite and courtly, but more formal and distant than Howe, and in his intercourse with his officers was rather punctilious, and not inclined to intimacy.

GEN. MAXWELL was about the common size, without any thing peculiar either in features or expression of his face. He was a man of merit though of obscure origin. His manners were not conciliatory and it was his misfortune to be left at variance with his officers.

POETRY.

The September Forest.

Within a wood I lay reclined,
Upon a dull September day,
And listen'd to the hollow wind,
That shook the fall leaves from the spray,
I thought me of its summer pride,
And how the sod was gemm'd with flow'rs,
And how the river's azure tide
Was overarch'd with leafy bowers,
And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
And lattice-work the sunshine made,
When last, upon a summer day,
I stray'd beneath that woodland shade.
And now!—it was a startling thought,
And flash'd like lightning o'er the mind,—
That like the leaves we pass to nought,
Nor, parting, leave a track behind!
Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
And, as among the tombs ye tread,
Read, on the pedestals around,
Memorials of the vanish'd dead.

They lived like us—they breathed like us—
Like us, they loved, and smiled, and wept;
But soon their hour arriving, thus
From earth like autumn leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one!
To earth are theirs dissevered claims;
To new inheritors have gone
Their habitations, and their names!
Think on our childhood—where are they,
The beings that begirt us then?
The Lion Death hath dragg'd away
By turns, the victim to its den!
And springing round, like vernal flowers,
Another race with vigour burns,
To bloom awhile,—for years or hours,—
And then to perish in their turns!

Then be this wintry grove to me
An emblem of our mortal state;
And from each lone and leafless tree,
So wither'd, wild, and desolate,
This moral lesson let me draw,—
That earthly means are vain to fly
Great Nature's universal law,
And that we all must come to die!
However varied, these alone
Abide the lofty and the less,—
Remembrance, and a sculptor'd stone,
A green grave and forgetfulness.

The following lines are founded upon an incident of a respectable young lady, who left her parents and friends and native country, and in Montreal, assumed the veil of the sacred sisterhood.

IN MONTREAL'S CONVENT.

In Montreal's convent she took the white veil,
And the wave of *St. Lawrence* has sigh'd to her wail;
Her gems are forgotten, the world and its cares
Have yielded their empire to rosaries and prayers.

Once her lips were twin cherries that blush'd on
one stem,
Her cheeks sister roses, her eye a dark gem;
Though grief is that maiden's, the tresses once
strayed
O'er her bosom of lilies in ringlets of shade.

And know ye or seek ye, why blanch'd is her bloom?
Why her brow of white marble is shrouded in
gloom?

Why her snow arms are folded, her face so in wo?
And the pearls from her dark eyes incessantly flow?

Oh! joy is a vapour, the false one has flown,
Wo, wo to the traitor who called her his own,
Who stole to her bosom, its fondness beguiled,
And left the sweet garden a desolate wild.

Oh, the world and its arts they have broken her
peace,

And never the tears of her sorrow shall cease;
But ne'er shall her grief to this dark world be given.
The gems that she weeps are all moulded for hea-
ven.

In Montreal's convent she took the white veil,
And the wave of *St. Lawrence* has sigh'd to her
wail;

Her gems are forgotten, the world and its care
Have yielded their empire to rosaries and prayers.

THE LOVER TO HIS DEAD MISTRESS

[From *Phantasmagoria*.]

Of all the roses grafted on her cheek,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom, look a painted board,
Circumscribes all!

DEKKER.

And thou upon thy bier of death
Art shrouded for the tomb!
Nor living pulse, nor human breath
Save mine disturbs the gloom.
And ghastly falls the tapers light
On thee, and on thy bier
Yet I until the morning light
Shall watch and feel no fear.

I clasp thy ice cold hand in mine
Till mine is scarce less cold,
And trace those features, line by line,
Till they seem of breathing mould;
Yet fonder, holier, in my gaze,
Than when in periods past,
I saw that beauty's living blaze—
For now I gaze my last.

Those lips are musical no more,
But their still sweet smile is there;
The flashing of thine eye is o'er,
But the calm-closed lid, how fair!
Oh I could bow to sorrow's storm,
Nor sigh for days more bright,
If ever *thus*, that hallowed form
Might sleep within my sight!

More joy to watch thee stirless there,
To kiss that bloodless brow,
Than gaze on crowds of living fair,
Though fair as once wert thou!
Less sad, to keep the fostered flower,
All withered though it be,
Than yield it to the tempest's power,
Nor wreck, nor relic see.

But vain the fancies of my breast,
And vainer love's despair,
The grave must be thy place of rest,
And I must lay thee there!
Oh Death! are all thine arrows spent
Amongst the blythe and free?
Oh Grave! is each dark lodging lent?
Remains not one for me?

My perished love! my soul's delight!
My being's once bright spell.—
Oh! could I blot yon morning light!
Crush, crush that tolling bell!
Vain wish,—the light becomes more clear,
The death notes louder swell,
One bursting sigh, one burning tear,—
One fast, wild gaze,—farewell!

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 24, 1826.

"I would fain die a *dry* death."

Shakspeare.

Write!—what *can* a man write after four days unremitted rain, with the prospect of thirty-six more? Shall we predict that the time of Deucalion "*nimbis tollentibus æquor*" has returned? Shall we say that we have not seen the sun for so long a time that he is like a time-removed friend whose face is forgotten? Rain is a very good thing, no doubt; but like Henry the 8th, one does not want "*partridge for ever*." There is such a thing as too much of a good thing:—and verily we have had quite as much of the Atlantic vapours in our good city as the most outrageous water-drinker could desire. It is not the city that needs rain; it is the *country*. We have no corn-fields here, no potatoe-patches, and no meadows, and the only use of rain to us metropolitans, is to excite coughs in consumptive breasts, and twitches and spasms in gouty toes. Besides this never-ending and time-defying storm is an unseasonable visitor; it was due last March, but having stopped on the way, to visit Neptune, it has brought all Neptune's dominions along on its cloudy pinions.

One look, for the hundredth time at the vane of St. John's.—It points east, north-east, and there like the unhappy Theseus, "*sedet æternumque sedebit*." If that weather-cock points in the same direction to-morrow morning, we shall certainly turn Presbyterian. Mortal man can bear it no longer.

Campbell says, in his Gertrude of Wyoming,

"Here and there a solitary star flashed thro' the dark'ning firmament of *June*."

Where? Mr. Campbell: show us that solitary star, and we will hail its lonely glory as a herald of serenity and peace. Not a solitary star has shed its brilliancy on this immaculate city for four nights past, and what has become of the glorious orb of day, we know not; a second Phaeton must have drowned it in the Po. Reader, if you are a reader of taste, your feelings will sympathize in those of Tom Moore—

"Blest power of *sunshine*! genial day!
What balm, what life are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss
That had the world no joy but this

To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a bliss too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom
The deep cold shadow of the tomb!

Reader, the world has no longer any joy like this, and you are at liberty to blow out your brains, if you have any, as soon as you please. Englishmen perform this operation in *November*: they might better do it in *June*. June is the month for a *felo de se*.

* But see, in my study, in dripping array,

The boy who must carry these pages away;

He hath come, he hath braved the wild wind
and the rain,

And to night he must wend to the printer's
again,

† The d---l hath come for the *copy*; oh dear,

I'm alone in my room---and the devil is here!

Young imp! take the *copy*--*avaunt* and begone,
And leave the *original*, weeping alone.

After the foregoing rhapsody, reader, the printer's Lucifer departed, avowing his fixed opinion, that the remarks would be ill-timed, for that, on Saturday, the sun would be shining in all his brightness. Shakspeare says that the d---l can speak truth, and we hope it may be so in the present case. Of rain we have had "*Jam satis terris*."

IDLE HOURS.

Next to the Proverbs of Solomon we have always placed the apothegms of the ancient Greeks. There is so much concentrated wisdom in them, they are fraught with such accurate knowledge of human nature, and they convey so much sound instruction, that no one can read them without becoming wiser and better. We shall wile away the evening by translating a few of these ancient sayings for the use of our readers.

Offer prayers and not sacrifices to the gods.

A bow without an arrow and a heart without hope are of equal value.

Envy cannot harm him on whom the gods smile, nor can industry avail him on whom they frown. He whom the gods love, dieth in his youth.

Beware, him who devours an elephant. (Gluttony.)

Many make the straight crooked, few make the crooked straight.

Boys play with tops; old men with oaths.

With the vulgar custom is law.

He who learns without a book draweth water in a sieve.

* "But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry the pages away."

Moore's *Epistles from Bermuda*.

† The Printer's d---l.

To-day is the pupil of yesterday.

The fool is attracted by the fool.

The old man sees that which has been and that which will be. [experience.]

What bath the mechanical man in common with the intellectual?

The goat is bearded, but he is not wise. Proud men are fools at a festival.

Satiety kills more than famine.

It is more easy to destroy than to rebuild.

Let him, who cannot endure injuries, attempt not to govern a state.

He who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to govern.

Sisyphus rolls the stone in vain.

He who nourisheth hatred in his heart is like him who embraceth a viper.

Much laughter dissolves the chain of friendship.

Even the *crows* will be flatterers to the living.

Make no man your friend, until you have ascertained how he has behaved to his former friends. [This sentence should be engraved in gold.]

Howl with wolves, when you are in the company of wolves.

I catch xiphias (the sword-fish) with a net, fools with a bait.

Beware the companion-ship of the tiger. Let not the nightingale dare the eagle to flight.

He who fears not the warrior my tremble at the physician.

I would not pay even a farthing for a bad wife.

He who hath committed theft, will always be called a thief.

If the power to speak be evidence of a man, then is a parrot a man.

The smallest *flea* can jump farther than the greatest *elephant*.

Sand is a very good thing, but not when it is in the eyes.

The rose waxeth old speedily, and when it is gone, he who searches for it will find a thorn.

REMINISCENCES.

The Hudson River was called by the Dutch the "*Groote Rivier*," the Great river. Its Indian name was Cohohatasea. Schenectady (Skaghneghtady) signifies *the other side of the pine*.

The East-River (as it is now called) was named by Adrian Blok, the "*Helle-gadt Rivier*," *helle gadt* means *hellish hole*—the worthy old Hollander must have been out of temper when he sailed up the sound.

Governor's Island was called by the Indians "*Paggank*." The Dutch called it *nooten Eylandt*, from the nuts found on it.

Long Island was called by the Indians *Sewanhacky* or the *Island of shells*.

The Housatonic river was named by Captain Blok, "Roodenbergh river," or the river of the red mountain.

Rhode Island was named by the Dutch, *Rood-Eylandt*, the *red island*.

The Mohawk (Mohoct) river means the river of blood (Indian.)

Massachusetts (Mais-schuseag) means "the country on this side of the hills."

Haverstraw means "*Out-straw*," Claverack, "*Clover-reach*;" and Kinderhook, *Children's corner*."

Schuykill means "*The hidden Creek*." Saybrook (in Connecticut) was founded by the viscount Say and the Lord Brook of Warwick, and is a compound of their family names.

We have gleaned the foregoing information from Mr. Moulton's excellent History of New-York—a work which every man in New-York ought to possess.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES.

No. v.

The philosopher of old, when asked, "is it best to marry, or not to marry?" replied "do as you will, you will repent." This is as true a maxim, as any on record.—There is probably no unmarried man, who, when the hey-day of youth is past, finds himself, as it were alone in the world, and neglected by the young *beaux* and *belles*, but repents he did not wed at twenty-five; always excepting the members of the *BACHELOR'S CLUB*, of which we may give some particulars when time and inclinations serve. Again, there is no married man, no matter what his situation in life may be but repents the day he ever saw his wife. There are so many cares attending the matrimonial state, so many jibes and jeers, even among the most loving couple, that wedlock, is often a very irksome and unpleasant *lock*; in which, instead of silken jessies, and rosy fetters, the hapless cot queen, finds himself pinioned down, with adamant chains, galling as those of the galley slave.

Sorely troubled and worn out with the labours of the day, the married man returns home,

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath, to keep it warm!"

And then comes a tirade! "of where have you been to so late!" I wish, to night to get to the play, opera or ball; or again,

I have invited three hundred and fifty of my *dear friends* to a party, next week, and I want money to purchase the necessary articles and decorations, to out rival Mrs. Shinewell's last route; or a thousand other unreasonable things, which none but a woman's brain could conceive.

It is not thus with every man—but very different with many. There are few who do not admit,

"That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

He who is *blessed* in a fair wife, when evening arrives, turns for a refuge and shelter from the cares of the world, to his own fireside, and says with Cotton,

"From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys."

Such a man is happy indeed,—his wife, blessed. But the bachelor, when night comes and the business of the day is done; where does he go? he has no magnet to direct his compass, no friend to whom he can unbosom himself; he lives an unloved frigid thing. Go he to his boarding house, who cares for him there? much respect and affection may likely be expressed,—but let poverty overtake him; or sickness lay him low, where is all the proffered respect and affection?

"Fled, like the speedy wings of night." If it should be that, he keeps "*Bachelor's Hall*," who has he there to commune with? his cheerless fireside, or empty walls. The evening is long, the night longer, and he is wretched, till morning arrives, that he may again plod at his business—his sole enjoyment is in the accumulation of riches, and when he dies, where goes all his wealth? to heartless and needy relations who ten to one, cursed him for living so long.

As I have seen many strange characters in my travels and intercourse with mankind, it has been my delight to study their lights and shades; these I generally note down in a book kept for the purpose, from which I glean when occasion suits, to elucidate the opinions that I advance. To prove, if possible, that, my remarks are not altogether chimerical,—tho' methinks I see some pretty maiden smirking, and saying to herself, 'I defy you or any one, to show that created mortal, ever married and repented,—I will sketch two scenes simple in themselves, of *THE BACHELOR*, and *MARRIED MAN*.

THE BACHELOR.

"I am a bachelor," said my good friend Frank Coldblood, to me, the day he attained majority, "and I glory in the title; I am free as air, no petticoat to controul my actions, no woman to care for me, nor to be cared for by me." Ten years afterwards, said he, 'I am a bachelor still, thank heaven!' In ten years more, he cried, "I am a bachelor, so shall I live, and so shall I die; 'tis a noble and independent life;" and added he. "my good friend Bob, Celibacy is a glorious life; I have opened an account in my ledger, entitled *Matrimony*, I can now speak to a fraction on the subject, I *know* 'tis a happy life, marriage a ruinous business, it would make a man bankrupt in a year. Well, to show you this clearly: to the Credit of the account, I have placed all the endearing charms and attractions (spoken ironically) that the husband experiences—wife, children, home, in sooth, every happiness that the most blessed in wedlock ever knew, but which, my dear Bob, I need not particularize; my brave fellow, you can see the items by looking into the account itself, which is always at your service. Then sir, to the debit I post, (bracing himself up, and speaking in a firm, and self applauding tone) wife sick, cross, scolding, &c. House out of order, servants quarrelsome and lazy, &c. meals too late and miserably cooked, &c.—children fighting by day, and bawling by night, disturbing ones natural sleep, &c. Madam dunning for a new gown, —miss for a new frock, &c. Young master for a hobby horse, old nurse for higher wages, &c. No money, then the whole crew weeping and wailing, at the cruellest and hardest hearted husband, father and master in the whole world, &c. Wife grows old and ugly, children disobedient, extravagant &c. Miss now in her teens must give a blow out; cannot afford it.—sour looks. Master, out of his teens, must have a horse and sulkey;—have no money; takes all I have got, or can muster, to retire my own notes,—tell him he is sulky enough already; then in faith, he gets in a mood, like a dutiful son, that he may not belie his father's speech. Madam wants Miss to be indulged, and Master to have his own way, like other gentlemen's sons and daughters;—the devil to pay;—not a cent to appease the monarch of darkness. The house turned up side down—the household mad, and I as must be reasonably expected)—furious sir—"chaos is come again"—and I have not the potent spell—money, to bring all in harmony again. Thus, and thus, and

thus went on my amount, when I added up my ledger, I found the sum total at credit, as Owen would have said, \$165 : 75, and at the debit, \$100. 738 : 99, leaving a balance in favour of celibacy of \$100. 642 : 24. One hundred thousand, six hundred forty two dollars, and twenty-four cents—no small deficiency, considering the capital invested, so sir, I will not enter into the speculation, but remain as I am, a blessed bachelor. I am not like the hypocrites who preach one doctrine and follow another, no sir, I shall be an independent and happy bachelor, till doomsday, live I so long.

A few years after this, I met my friend Frank Coldblood, on my return from my travels; "are you a bachelor still, Frank?" He shook his head, and replied, "I am, Bob, but I don't glory in the title." Some time after, I met him again, "Still a bachelor, Frank?" asked I. "Yes sir," replied he, with a pale and sober countenance, "I am, but I don't thank heaven."

The next time we met, I put my old question to him, "are you a bachelor still?" "Alas sir!" said he in a melancholy tone, "I am, still a bachelor, but I don't think it such a noble and independent life."

I met him again, and to my usual question, he replied, "I am still single, but do not think there is much glory in celibacy." "Why sir, you spoke to a fraction on the subject some years ago, I hope you have not changed your mind, and yet, that miserable, cheerless, frigid face of yours, speaks as much."

"Do not tease and torment me; the account was all wrong, every item wrong: I am unhappy, miserable; O! I am wretched, Bob. I curse my stars, I will repent till the latest day of my life, that I did not marry at twenty-five."

"Why Frank! what has produced all this change?"

"O! Bob, my dear Bob! I am too miserable to be questioned—I have seen many of my friends contented and blessed as the day is long, with a loving wife and smiling children; I wish I were as happy as they—I want something to love, I wish I had some one on whom to place my affections, some kind one to comfort my old age,—an heir to inherit my money. I got a dog to keep me company, I always liked dogs, they are noble animals—I am

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures, And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn On any that they love not." —

But my dog died lately, and I have been miserable ever since. The young girls

jeer at me; I wished to marry, but they say in reply to all my long speeches and professions of love, that 'I might be their grandfather.' Grandfather faith! I am not so old neither. I will marry yet Bob, yes I will marry, better late than never."

"A good resolution say I."

"So it is, and I am determined to follow it." —

Alas! however, for my old friend Frank Coldblood, he died, before he could put his determination in force.

X.

Evening thoughts.

The human heart is a strange labyrinth, its in the natural world, not two leaves of the forest, nor two blades of grass, resemble each other in shape or shade; so in the moral, not two hearts can be found alike in mind or temper. According to constitution or education, one man differs from another.

There is not one passion in the catalogue of human frailties, that attacks two men alike. Hope, despair, gratitude, revenge, love, hate, all operate differently on different individuals. Every man has a distinct character, a thing apart from his fellow man: but according to the mind or genius of the individual, it is more or less strongly marked. The nice absence of human nature, when he has studied a particular one, can tell whether any deed related of that person, is or is not in character with the author. Each man has a particular way, a manner peculiar to himself, of acting under particular circumstances.

The careless reader of plays and romances, is pleased or displeased with a work, and knows not wherefore. The whole secret is, that it is in character, or not in character.

An author, when he chooses a work, chooses certain personal, as it suits his fancy, to be the actors of his scenes; no matter what characters he may select, if he make them act naturally—under the circumstances in which he places them, his will assuredly bring him some credit, but the extent of his fame or popularity must depend upon the pith of his genius.

On the other hand, an author, ignorant of human nature, if he write a work, possessing some ingenuity of plot, and yet makes a wild medley of character, for lack of the knowledge of the human heart, ignorant of the secret springs which induce mortal actions, assuredly his book will never be popular, for it does not come home to the bosoms of men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRUGALITY.

By the rev. Jos. Lathorp.

Vivitur pravo bene—cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum;
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido.
Sordidus aufert. Hon.

INDUSTRY and frugality are kindred virtues, and similar in their principles and effects. They ought always to accompany each other, and go hand in hand; for neither, without the other, can be a virtue, or answer any valuable purpose, to the individual, or to society. He, that is laborious, only that he may have the means of extravagance and profuseness—and he, that is parsimonious, only that he may live in laziness and indolence—are alike remote from virtue. Each is governed by his strongest passion, and enslaved to his predominant vice. To live sparingly, for the sake of amassing a useless heap, is not frugality, but sordidness. To live within the bounds of nature, that we may enjoy better health, and may be more free from worldly embarrassments, is prudence. To live frugally, that we may be just to all men, may do more good to the indigent, and may be more useful to society, is virtuous. Decency and propriety ordinarily require, that we live according to our rank and ability. But there are times, when patriotism calls upon those in affluence and high life, to fall a little below the usual mark, that their example may encourage moderation among others. As private economy enriches the individual, so the prevalence of it would enrich the community. Moderate savings will, in time, make a mass. For the rich, no certain rules can be prescribed; their frugality must be voluntary and discretionary. People of moderate fortunes, and moderate incomes, should aim at a regular conduct. Excuse a few hints, even though they may appear too trifling to be observed. If they appear worthy of notice, let them be carried into practice.

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